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BOOKS FOR PRINTING
Executed with neatness and dispatch.

FORRY.

The Daughter's Request.

BY MRS. ADDY.

My father, thou hast not the tale denied—
They say that, ere noon to-morrow,
Thou wilt bring back a radiant and smiling bride
To our lonely home of sorrow.
I should wish the joy of thy coming bliss,
But tears are my words suppressing;
I think on my mother's dying kiss,
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet to-morrow I hope to hide my care,
I will still my bosom's beating,
And strive to give to thy chosen fair
A kind and courteous greeting.
She will heed me not in the joyous pride
Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty:
Ah! little need has a new-made bride
Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou gavest her costly gowns, they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought her;
Dear father, one nuptial gift, I pray,
Bestow on thy weeping daughter.
My eye even now, on the treasure falls,
I covet and ask no other,
It has hung for many years on our ancient walls—
'Tis the portrait of my mother!

To-morrow, when all is in festive guise,
And the guests our rooms are filling,
The calm, meek gaze of those hazel eyes
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling,
And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,
Sad thoughts of thy own dear living,
For fleeting twelve-month scarce has past,
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,
That portrait might awaken feelings
Of the love of thy fond departed friend,
And its sweet and kind revelations;
Of her mind's commanding force unchecked
By feeble or selfish weakness,
Of her speech, where dazzling intellect
Was softened by Christian meekness.

Then, father, grant that at once to-night,
Ere the bridal eve's intrusion,
I remove this portrait from thy sight
To my chamber's still seclusion;
It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,
It will beam on me protection,
When I ask of Heaven, in my faltering prayer,
To hallow thy new connexion.

Thou wilt waken, father, in pride and glee,
To renew the tale thus broken,
But naught on earth remains to me,
Save this sad and silent token.
The husband's may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another,
But the daughter clings in unchanging grief
To the image of her mother!

MISCELLANEOUS.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

Death of General Mercer.

Communicated for the National Intelligencer from the Court
of Records and Private Memoirs of the Life and Char-
acter of Washington.

The historical records of the War of the American
Revolution are in error as respects the death
of General Mercer, who fell at the battle of
Princeton, January 3, 1777. We offer the hom-
age of our veneration for the martyr's memory,
by giving to his adopted country and the world,
authentic particulars of the heroism and devotion
that attended his fall.

It was immediately after the sharp conflict at
the fence between the advanced guard of the Amer-
ican army, led by General Mercer, and the British
17th regiment, and the retreat of the Amer-
icans through the orchard near to Clark's
house, and barn, that General Mercer, while ex-
erting himself to rally his broken troops, was
brought to the ground by a blow from the butt of
a musket. He was on foot at this time—the
grey horse that he rode at the beginning of the
action having been disabled by a ball in the fore
leg. The British soldiers were not at first aware
of the General's rank, for the morning being
very cold, he wore a surtout over his uniform.

So soon as they discovered that he was a General
officer, they shouted that they had got the rebel
General, and cried, "Call for quarters, you
d—d rebel!" Mercer to the most undaunted
courage united a quick and ardent temperance;
he replied with indignation to his enemies, while
their bayonets were at his bosom, that he deserv-
ed not the name of rebel; and determining to
die as he had lived, a true and honored soldier

of liberty, lounged with his sword at the nearest
man. They then bayoneted him, and left him
for dead.

Upon the retreat of the enemy, the wounded
General was conveyed to Clark's house, immedi-
ately adjoining the field of battle. The infor-
mation that the Commander-in-Chief first re-
ceived of the fall of his old companion in arms of
the war of 1775, and beloved officer, was that he had
expired under his numerous wounds; and it was
not until the American army was in full march
for Morristown that the Chief was undeceived,
and learned, to his great gratification, that Mer-
cer, though fearfully wounded, was yet alive. Up-
on the first halt at Somerset Court-house Wash-
ington despatched the late Major George Lewis,
his nephew, and Captain of the Horse Guard,
with a flag and a letter to Lord Cornwallis, re-
questing that every possible attention might be
shown the wounded General, and permission
that young Lewis should remain with him to
minister to his wants. To both requests his
Lordship yielded a willing assent, and ordered
his staff-surgeon to attend upon General Mercer.

Upon an examination of the wounds, the British
surgeon remarked that, although they were many
and severe, he was disposed to believe that they
would not prove dangerous. Mercer, bread to
the profession of an army surgeon in Europe,
said to young Lewis, "Raise up my right arm,
George, and this gentleman will there discover
the smallest of my wounds, but which will prove
the most fatal. Yes, sir, that is a fellow that will
soon do my business." He languished till the
12th, and expired in the arms of Lewis, admired
and lamented by the whole army. During the
period that he languished on the couch of suffer-
ing, he exonerated his enemies from the foul ac-
cusation which they bore not only in 1777, but
for half a century since, viz: Of their having
bayoneted a General officer after he had sur-
rendered his sword, and become a prisoner of war—
declaring that he only relinquished his sword
when his arm had become powerless to wield it.
He paid the homage of his whole heart to the Com-
mander-in-Chief, rejoiced with true soldierly pride
in the triumphs of Trenton and Princeton, in
both of which he had borne a conspicuous part,
and offered up his fervent prayers for the final
success of the cause of American Independence.

Thus lived and died Hugh Mercer, a name
that will forever be associated with momentous
events in this history of the War of Revolution.
When a grateful posterity shall bid the trophied
memorial raise to the martyrs who sealed with
their blood the character of an empire's liberties,
there will not be wanting a monument to him
brave Gen. Mercer.

We shall give a single anecdote of the subject
of the foregoing memoir, to show of the pure and
high-souled principles that actuated the patriot
and soldiers of the days of our country's trial.

Virginia at first organized two regiments for
the common cause. When it was determined
to raise a third, there were numerous applications
for commissions; and these being mostly from
men of fortune and family interest, there was
scarcely an application for a rank less than a field
officer. During the sitting of the House of Bur-
gesses upon this important motion, a plain, but
soldierly-looking individual handed up to the
Speaker's chair a scrap of paper, on which was
written, "Hugh Mercer will serve his adopted
country and the cause of liberty in any rank or
station to which he may be appointed."

This, from a veteran soldier bred in Europe in
the wars of the associate of Washington in the
war of 1775, and known to stand high in his con-
fidence and esteem, was all sufficient for a body
of patriots and statesmen such as composed the
Virginia House of Burgesses in the days of the
Revolution. The appointment of Mercer to the
command of the third Virginia regiment was car-
ried instantaneously.

It was while the Commander-in-Chief reined
up his horse, upon approaching the spot in a
ploughed field where by the gallant Colonel
Hastler mortally wounded, that he perceived some
British soldiers supporting an officer, and upon
inquiring his name and rank, was answered, Capt.
Leslie. Doctor Benjamin Rush, who formed a
part of the General's suite, earnestly asked, "A
son of the Earl of Leven?" to which the soldiers
replied in the affirmative. The Doctor then ad-
dressed the General-in-chief: "I beg your excel-
lency to permit this wounded officer to be placed
under my special care, that I may return, in
ever small a degree, a part of the obligations I
owe to his worthy father for the many kindnesses
received at his hands while I was a student in
Edinburgh." The request was immediately grant-
ed; but, alas! poor Leslie was soon "pist all
surgery." He died the same evening, after re-
ceiving every possible kindness and attention,
and was buried the next day at Pluckam with
the honors of war; his soldiers, as they lowered
his remains to the soldier's last rest, shedding
tears over the grave of a much loved command-
er.

The battle of Princeton, for the time it lasted
and the numbers engaged, was the most fatal to
our officers of any action during the whole of
the Revolutionary war—the Americans losing one
General, two Colonels, one Major, and three
Captains, killed—while the marshal prowess of
our enemy alone not with more brilliant lustre in
any one of their combats during their long career
of arms than did the courage and discipline of the
17th British regiment on the 3d of January, 1777.

Indeed, Washington himself, during the height
of the conflict, pointed out this gallant corps to
his officers, exclaiming, "See how those noble
fellows fight! Ah! gentlemen, when shall we
be able to keep an army long enough together to
display a discipline equal to our enemies."

The regular troops that constituted the grand
army at the close of the campaign of '76, were

the fragments of many regiments, worn down by
constant and toilsome marches and suffering of
every sort, in the depth of winter. The fine
regiment of Smallwood, composed of the flower
of the Maryland youth, and which, in the June
preceding, marched into Philadelphia eleven
hundred strong, was, on the 3d of January, re-
duced to scarcely sixty men, and commanded by
a captain.

In fact, the bulk of what was then called the
grand army consisted of the Pennsylvania militia
and volunteers, citizen soldiers who had left their
comfortable homes at the call of their country,
and were enduring the rigors of a winter cam-
paign. On the morning of the battle of Prince-
ton, they had been eighteen hours under arms,
and harassed by a long night's march. Was it
then to be wondered at that they should have
given way before the veteran bayonets of their
fresh and well appointed foe?

The heroic devotion of Washington was not
wanting in the exigencies of this memorable day.
He was aware that his hour was come to redeem
the pledge he had laid on the altar of his country
when first he took up arms in her cause, to win
her liberties or perish in the attempt. Defeat at
Princeton would have amounted to the annihilation
of America's last hope; for independent of
the enemy's forces in front, Cornwallis, with the
flower of the British army eight thousand strong,
was already pointing close on the rear. It was
indeed the very crisis of the struggle. In the
hurried and imposing events of little more than
one short week, liberty endured her greatest ag-
ony. What, then, is due to the fame and mem-
ory of that sacred band who, with the muster of
liberty at their head, braved the storm at this
fateful crisis of their country's destiny?

The heroic devotion of Washington on the
field of Princeton is matter of history. We have
often enjoyed a touching reminiscence of that
ever memorable event from the late Col. Fitz-
gerald, who was aid to the chief, and who never
related the story of his General's danger, and al-
most miraculous preservation without adding to
his tale the homage of a tear.

The aid-de-camp had been ordered to bring up
the troops from the rear of the column, when the
band under General Mercer became engaged.—
Upon returning to the spot where he had left the
Commander-in-chief, he was no longer there, and
upon looking around, the aid discovered him en-
deavoring to rally the line which had been thrown
into disorder by a rapid onset of the foe. Wash-
ington, after several ineffectual efforts to restore
the fortunes of the fight, seemed to rein up his
horse, with his head to the enemy, and in that
position he remained immovable.

Such an appeal was not made in vain. The dis-
comfited Americans rally on the instant, and
formed into line; the enemy halted and dress-
ed their line; the American Chief is between the
adverse posts, as though he had been placed
there, a target for both. The arms of both lines
are levelled. Can escape from death be possi-
ble? Fitzgerald, horror-struck at the danger of
his beloved commander, dropped the reins upon
his horse's neck, and drew his hat over his face,
that he might not see him die. A roar of muske-
try succeeded, and then a shout. It was the shout
of victory. The aid-de-camp ventures to raise
his eyes, and oh, glorious sight, the enemy are
broken and flying, while drily and glimpses of
the smoke is seen the Chief, "alive, unhurt,
and without a wound," waving his hat, and cheer-
ing his comrades to the pursuit.

Col. Fitzgerald, celebrated as one of the finest
horsemen in the American army, now dashed his
reins in his charger's flanks, and, heedless of
the dead and dying in his way, flew to the side
of his Chief, exclaiming, "Thank God! your
excellency is safe," while the favorite aid, a gal-
lant and warm hearted son of Erin, a man of
thews and sinews, and "albeit unused to the
melting mood," gave loose to his feelings and wept
like a child for joy.

Washington ever calm amid scenes of the great-
est excitement, affectionately grasped the hand of
his aid and friend, "in then ordered," "Aw, my
dear Colonel, and bring up the troops—the day is
our own!"

The following anecdote of Dr. Franklin is not
generally known. Being in England in 1755,
he was asked by a nobleman what would satisfy
the Americans? He answered that it might be
accomplished by a few reasons—thus:

- call your forces.
- store Castle William,
- pay the damages done to Boston,
- peal your unconstitutionality acts,
- announce your pretensions to taxes,
- fund the duties extorted at this,
- quiere and
- ceive payment for the destroyed tea, with
- the voluntary grant of the colonies, and
- then
- joice in a happy
- conciliation.

A magistrate in Southwark was greatly puzzled,
on Wednesday, with the following item in a
bill, on which he was about to issue a summons:
To stating one are, 37 1-2 cents

"How is this, sir?" said his worship, with honest
indignation flashing in his countenance,
"D'ye charge a man three pence for stealing his
axe?"

"I do that, sir," said the plaintiff submissively,
"and verily reasonable it is, at that."

"Reasonable—you villain! don't you know
it will take you to the State's Prison?"
"Bless my soul," exclaimed the alarmed suitor,
"never heard of such a thing. Do you call that
just?"

"No—I call it earnest; and so you'll find it,

unless you give Mr. Robins his axe again instan-

ly." "Why I was done with it and giv it to him
two weeks ago."

"Then you may thank your stars he did not
prosecute you."

"Prosecute me!—Lord love you, you, sir, it's
I that ought to have sued him before, for he was
werry werry, and wanted to sub-me off with a
quarter and a tip."

"Put him out," said the justice to a constable,
"he's the most bare faced rascal that ever I met
with. Steals a man's axe and wants to be paid
for it!"

The constable was something more of a busi-
ness man than his worship;—he begged leave to
inspect the accounts, and then cautiously hinted
that his honor had mistaken the case. It was for
getting the axe, i. e. putting steel on the edge of
it, that the charge was made.

"Oh, ay—sure enough," said the squire, "see
what it is to want education. Never make out
another bill, Mr. Bellows, without a dictionary at
your elbow."

From the House of Shiloh.

HYMN OF THE WALKERERS.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Come to the wooded mountain!
Come to the ruined tower!
Come to the wildwood fountain!
Come to the lonely bower!
Wooded mountain,
Ruined tower,
Lonely bower—
Out from builded temples driven,
Here we praise the God of heaven.

Go! of the Christian, here we
Spirit of love divine,
Thou with that love be near us,
Here in thy sylvan shrine!
Father, bear us
Love divine!
Be thou near us
In our shrine!
Here we scorn the flame and sword,
Mighty in thy conquering word!

REMARKABLE ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

The anecdotes given of dogs saving the lives
of persons in danger of drowning, are so num-
erous as to be familiar to every person. "One can-
not be too careful of this animal, without being
cure of the cap of many of our most inter-
ested feelings, which we are accustomed to
appreciate so highly in our fellow-creatures, and
almost to look upon as constituting the perfection
of the human character." I beg leave to intro-
duce to my readers an anecdote of a dog belong-
ing to a friend of mine, but shall first, however,
mention a story somewhat similar, related by an
author of great respectability, regarding a dog
belonging to a religious house in France. "At a
convent in France twenty paupers were served
with a dinner at a certain hour every day. A dog
belonging to the convent nor did fail to be present
at this regale, to receive the odds and ends which
were now and then thrown to him. The guests,
however, were poor and hungry, and of course
not very wasteful; so that their pensioner did
little more than scent the feast of which he would
have partaken. The portions were served
by a person at the ringing of the bell, and de-
livered out by means of what, in religious houses
is called a *tour*; which is a machine like the
section of a cask, that, by turning round upon a
pivot, exhibits whatever is placed on the concave
side, without discovering the person who moves it.
One day, this dog, who had only received a few
scraps, waited till the paupers were all gone, took
the rope in his mouth and rang the bell. His
stratagem succeeded. He repeated it next day
with the same good fortune. At length the cook
finding that twenty-one portions were given out
instead of twenty, was determined to discover
the trick; in doing which he had no great diffi-
culty; for, lying *perdu* and noticing the paupers
as they came for their different portions, and that
there was no intruder except the dog, he began
to suspect the truth; which he was confirmed in
when he saw the animal wait with great delibera-
tion till the visitors were all gone, and then pull
the bell. The matter was related to the com-
munity; and, to reward him for his ingenuity, he
was permitted to ring the bell every day for his
dinner, on which a mess of broken victuals was
always afterwards served out to him."

The following is the anecdote I refer to. A
friend of mine, Captain W. Aug. Thomson, R.
N., residing near Edinburgh, has a dog, both the
parents of which were natives of Newfoundland.
At the time I refer to (1830) he was, I believe,
only two years old, but exhibited all the indica-
tions of great muscular power, and singular
sagacity. He was considerably larger at that
time than many full-grown animals of the same
breed, and I always imagined his eye pos-
sessed a very peculiar degree of intelligence.—
One day my friend walked down to the se-
beach to observe the military, whose barracks are in his
neighbourhood, performing their evolutions, and
took the dog with him. All went on very well
till the cavalry commenced firing, but such a
sound was too much for the astonished Bannee,
as the dog is called. Being quite a puppy, like
many other puppies, he was not very willing to
stand fire, and he therefore considered the best
thing he could do was to sound a retreat. Ac-
cordingly, without casting a single glance to-
wards his master, he bounded away homeward at
full gallop, with his tail depressed, and in evident
terror. His master's residence is about a mile

from the beach, and it appeared the dog ran the
whole way at full speed. But as the house is in
a garden, and surrounded by lofty wall, having a
gate which is always shut, and which communi-
cates with the house only by a bell, it became a
problem to our canine reasoner, how to get with-
in the walls so as to be in safety. The gate he
could not open, the wall was too high to leap;
how then could he enter? He perceived at once
his predicament, and no doubt thought of the
bell he had so often seen his master pull, and the
sounds of which were so often followed by the
opening of the gate. Crossing the road, he ran
up to a labouring man who was passing, and with
all the gentleness he could assume, seized him
by the wrist and held him, at the same time wag-
ging his tail, and endeavoring to direct the man's
attention to his situation. The man was at first,
naturally enough, much terrified, but the perfect-
ly gentle appearance of the animal prevented his
fears from increasing. He therefore accompan-
ied the dog across the road, and was led close up
to the bell, which he at once perceived the ani-
mal required him to pull; this having done, he
was no longer detained a prisoner, and the gate
being opened, he related, in astonishment to the
servant, the singular conduct of the dog. This
little story is entitled to the highest credit, not
only on account of the source I derived it from,
but because I myself have seen the dog, when de-
siring of leaving the room, take his master by
the wrist and lead him to the door in order to
open it. All this I have been assured is solely
the result of the dog's instinct, or rather, reason,
as he never received any instruction. I trust
that, although this anecdote has little direct
reference to humanity in animals, I may be ex-
cused for taking this opportunity of mentioning
it.

CAUTION TO THE CURIOUS.

When you enter a printing office, be sure to
gawk about and read all the *Manuscript* you can
get your eye on. It's very polite—very; besides,
you know but that you may be able to detect
some enormous villany, and crush it in the bud?
Isn't this a free country? and what business have
printers with privacy, and they are paid for pub-
lishing the news?

2. Be sure to pick up some of the types in the
case and examine them, especially if you have
never seen any before. Types are not too good
to be looked at are they? Throw them down a-
gain when you are done, into one of the boxes—
no matter which. Printers should not have so
many little boxes all of the same size if they
hold of it—it was made to use. Pull the bar up
it's not such a mighty lever-power, after all—
when there is no form on. There, let go; guess
it will go back itself if those pesky springs are
good for any thing. Slam! bang!—Good gra-
tious have I done any damage, mister?"

Yes, sir, you have probably put yourself to an
expense of 10 or 20 dollars repairs, to pay for
your curiosity!

Anecdote. As the good Deacon A—
on a cold morning in January, was ridding by
the house of his neighbor—, the latter was
chopping wood and thrashing his hinds at his
door. The usual salutations were exchanged,
and the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and
the horseman made demonstrations of passing on,
when his neighbor detained him with—
"Don't be in a hurry Deacon! wouldn't you
like a glass of good old Jamaica this cold morn-
ing?"

"Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman,
at the same time beginning to dismount with all
the deliberation becoming a deacon; "Don't care
if I do."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon,"
said the wag, "I merely asked for information;
we haven't a drop of rum in the house!"
Exter News.

An owl was taken at sea about five hundred
miles from land, by some of the crew of the ship
Margaret, lately arrived at Liverpool.

Robbery.—The store of a Mr. Charles Le-
favour, watchmaker, of Lynn, Mass. was broken
open on the night of Dec. 5th. His show
cases were stripped of every article of value,
and an iron safe containing jewelry to the amount
of \$300 was carried off. The papers of Mr.
L. being found on the banks of the Saugus river
or the safe which was found.

UNIVERSALISTS.—There are in the United
States about five hundred Universalist preach-
ers, and four hundred and sixty-two Meeting-
houses, owned in whole or in part by that de-
nominations. Much the largest part of the de-
nominations are to be found in those States
where there are free schools.

Queen Victoria, it is said, is in rather a
weak state, and it is thought she will hardly re-
cover. Her symptoms are decidedly of a
matrimonial order. Prince Albert of Cobourg
has been called in as attending physician.

CHERRY.—One commission merchant in Phila-
delphia has on hand, for sale, two hundred
tons of cheese. They have excellent flavors
and fine pictures in the Keystone State.

"O, P! he a bachelor," as the man said vot
got broomstick out of doors by his father
tull.

[illegible][illegible]

oppose; to check those who may be practised by them
legislation, those temptations of interest and those
opportunities for their dangerous indolence, which
permeate them on every side, and to confine them strictly
to the performance of their paramount duty, that of ad-
ministering the laws of the country, rather than consulting
their own exclusive advantage, and other similar
reform may, it is believed, be accomplished. The
violation of any of the great principles of the social
compact, the observance of which is indispensable to the
order, or the interference in any way with the useful
or profitable employment of any of the capital
of the country, no institution so framed have existed and still exist else-
where. The Government must interfere in all necessary
cases, without limit, and without delay, to prevent
speculating speculation. Thus accomplishing
its legitimate ends, they have gained the secret guarantee
for their power and the encouragement in the good will
of the community. Among a people so just as ours the
Government is could not fail to attend a similar course
and to the Government of the banks is long from the
nature of the Government of the State was authorized
to do so. It is to the Legislature that the Government
must look for action on that subject. But as the con-
stitution of the Federal Government in the management of

the spirit of the Constitution and laws. To the people it is immaterial whether these results are produced by open violations of the letter, or by the workings of system of which the result is the same. An inflexible execution even of the existing statutes of most of the States, would redress many evils now endured; would effectually show to the people the dangers of mismanagement which such policy encourages them to repeat; and would teach all corporations the useful lesson that they are the subjects of the law and the servants of the people. What is still wanting to effect these objects must be sought in additional legislation; or, what is more to be desired, in such further constitutional amendments or restrictions as may bring us back into the path from which we have so widely wandered.

In the meantime, it is the duty of the General Government to co-operate with the States, by a judicious exercise of its constitutional powers, and by the enforcement of its existing laws. The extent of which it may do so by further enactments, I leave to the wisdom of Congress. We have already adverted to, and the wisdom of Congress may yet enlarge them. But, above all, it is incumbent upon us to hold erect the principles of morality and law, constantly executing our contracts in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution.

and, at last, to fix upon us, instead of these equal political rights, the acquisition of which was alike the object and supposed reward of our Revolutionary struggle, a system of exclusive privileges conferred by partial legislation, to remove the influences which had thus gradually grown up among us—to deprive them of their deceptive advantages—to oppose the force which they concentrate in their support—all this necessarily the work of time, even amount a

OT, of Andover in said county, has or had on the day of August, A. D. 1838, (when the same was had on the original writ,) in and to his home and situated in Andover in said county, and being the farm on which the said Abbot now lives.

